Jane Austen



Jane Austen was born December 16th 1775 and died July 18th 1817. Jane Austen was an English novelist who worked on romantic fiction. She earned her place as one of the most widely read writers in English literature. Her realism and biting social commentary cemented her historical importance among scholars and critics. Jane Austen was primarily taught by her father and brothers, and reading books. At age 14 Jane wrote her first novel *Love and Friendship*. In her early twenties she wrote novels that were later re-worked on and published as *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice* and *Northanger Abbey*. She also began a novel called *The Watsons* which was never completed.

POEMS

**This little bag**

This little bag I hope will prove   
To be not vainly made--   
For, if you should a needle want   
It will afford you aid.   
And as we are about to part   
T'will serve another end,   
For when you look upon the Bag   
You'll recollect your friend

**Oh! Mr.Best, you’re very bad**

Oh! Mr. Best, you're very bad  
And all the world shall know it;  
Your base behaviour shall be sung  
By me, a tunefull Poet.--   
You used to go to Harrowgate  
Each summer as it came,  
And why I pray should you refuse  
To go this year the same?--   
  
The way's as plain, the road's as smooth,  
The Posting not increased;  
You're scarcely stouter than you were,  
Not younger Sir at least.--   
  
If e'er the waters were of use  
Why now their use forego?  
You may not live another year,  
All's mortal here below.--   
  
It is your duty Mr Best  
To give your health repair.  
Vain else your Richard's pills will be,  
And vain your Consort's care.   
  
But yet a nobler Duty calls  
You now towards the North.  
Arise ennobled--as Escort  
Of Martha Lloyd stand forth.   
  
She wants your aid--she honours you  
With a distinguished call.  
Stand forth to be the friend of her  
Who is the friend of all.--   
  
Take her, and wonder at your luck,  
In having such a Trust.  
Her converse sensible and sweet  
Will banish heat and dust.--   
  
So short she'll make the journey seem  
You'll bid the Chaise stand still.  
T'will be like driving at full speed  
From Newb'ry to Speen hill.--   
  
Convey her safe to Morton's wife  
And I'll forget the past,  
And write some verses in your praise  
As finely and as fast.   
  
But if you still refuse to go  
I'll never let your rest,  
Buy haunt you with reproachful song  
Oh! wicked Mr. Best!